

ST. VALENTINE'S EVE.

BY OLIVE HARPER.

The ground was covered with soft snow. The bare branches of the trees were laden with as much of its sparkling weight as could hold on them in spite of the driving wind, and the sky hungdull and leaden as if from a burden of yet more snow which might at any moment fall and completely obliterate the faint traces of a path, along which a man was struggling and striving as if with his last strength.

He was cold and hungry, almost benumbed with the keen blast of the February wind, but he staggered on with all his strength, bent upon the effort to keep in the path he had known so well in days

honest living, he drifted to a mining camp in California; the miners quick to seize upon any peculiarity of name or appearance, at once called him Cupid.

Years he remained there, working, toiling, prospecting in summer, and making but a bare existence, chopping wood in winter for his board, but making no progress towards that fortune that he intended to take home to his mother some day. Once in a long while he wrote to her, whenever he could scrape together a few dollars which he could spare. Little enough it was, but small as was the sum it helped the poor mother in her need, for long since her husband had gone to rest and she was all alone.

One night in the camp a man they had nicknamed Whip-poor-will, tired with the struggle, worn out with rheumatic pains and weary of life, stood up in the barroom after saying a few half reckless, half laughing words, ended with putting his pistol to his head and blowing his brains out. When he was dead a letter came for him which the authorities opened and they read it aloud.

My boy, my only son, all I have to love in this world, come home to your mother. Surely, life is not worth living separated as we are. Come home; the old farm is free of debt and will give us a living, which would be cheered and made happy by your presence. Come back, my boy, come home to me."



IN THE PATH HE HAD KNOWN.

There was more of it, but the burden of it was always the same. Come home. Valentine Morris stood and looked on the ground while the letter was being read, and he stood by the grave they made for poor Whip-poor-will, and never spoke a word either time; but the next morning he went to the "store" and bought a stock of food on credit, and loading that and his pick and pan on his strong back, he started out once more on a prospecting trip. Scarcely a word had he uttered since that night and his almost womanish mouth was now set and firm, as he said to himself :

"I'll make one more trial, and if that fails I'll go where Whip-poor-will has gone. My mother writes me just such

letters, and I'll go home alive or dead." A week he was gone; no one missed him particularly. Men came and went away from these camps so often and suddenly that few knew or cared. A new pocket had been discovered in a placer mine near Columbia, so report said, that was panning out an enormous quantity of gold in dust and nuggets, and the last clean up of the new hydraulic near Angel's camp had been 900 ounces, so conversation naturally turned to those long gone, but which he had not trod for

many weary years. Only a few rods away stood a log cabin; he knew it well. Why should he not? for here his bright brown eyes first opened to light. Here his infancy and early youth had passed. Here he had helped his father to cultivate their almost barren land, and here, too, he had determined that he would go out into the world to seek a better fortune than these stony

hillside acres promised. His name was Valentine, named so because he came as a precious gift to his mother on St. Valentine's eve, and when his chubby cheeks were dimpled and his flaxen hair hung in ringlets, she had called him Tiney; but, when after years of suffering and such recompense as the world gives a poor boy who tries to earn an

subjects and "Cupid's" absence was un-

Valentine had gone ahead, trusting himself entirely to hazard. He had searched before so many times according to the most scientific rules, that he had no longer any faith in them, and he said: "If so be, as I am to find a pocket or even pay dirt, why I'll find it anyhow, and I won't allow myself to look."

But look he did and everywhere he went he hunted, but in vain. Over mountains into valleys, ravines, on plains and in gulches, everywhere but no gold, or at least not enough to give him hope of more. At last his food was gone and he had made no discovery, and he said:

"Nothing now remains but to end it all. I can't get home alive, and I'll go the other way. If there is another world I know that my spirit will never leave this until it has hovered one instant about into his mother's outstretched arms.

Mechanically he took out his revolver to load it and his hand touched his mother's letters, which he always kept in his pocket, and mechanically he laid his pistol down and took them out of his pocket, with a vague idea of destroying them, for it hurt him to think that anybody should read them, as they had read those of poor Whip-poor-Will's motherand mechanically, too, he opened one and read it, and then another, and so on until the last; and then he burst into tears, tears such as do not shame manhood, and he sobbed aloud:

"Oh, God! forgive me for what I was about to do."



MRS. MORRIS STOOD STILL, LISTENING. After a time he grew calm and a new

courage came to him, and he rose, saying: "Well, I must tramp back to camp somehow, and I'll do my best, God help-

At this instant his foot slipped, and in spite of all his efforts tumbled into the bed of a little ravine, hardly more than a gulley, which lay between two low hills that merged into two great mountains just beyond. He rose, half laughing at his ridiculous fall, when he stopped short and looked at the place where his fall had dislodged a few stones, and in an instant saw that he had discovered one of those wonderful little places where nature capriclously hides away such stores of gold, and which they call pockets.

Forgotten was his hunger, and he felt no fatigue as he worked until darkness fell upon him, and he lay down to sleep on the slope of the hill beside his treasure. He was glad his food was gone, so that he could store his gold into the empty sack; and he worked all day long the next day, despite the cravings of hunger, and again the next, until he saw that the pocket was exhausted, and he had as much pure, virgin gold as he could carry in his knapsack, his belt and pockets. It was clean gold, in coarse lumps and small flakes, with very little dust. There might be more in the region, but he had enough. He only wanted to get home to his mother. Some one else might work the claim now -some other man who had a lonely mother waiting.

He tramped and climbed and walked until he could scarcely stand from weak-ness, but it seemed as if he must be traveling in a circle, for no matter how far he went there was no sign of human life.

On the fourth day he shot a jack rabbit in a valley, and he devoured part of its flesh raw. The rest he boiled, and then he lay down to sleep. When morning came again he mounted a low hill, and there before him, not a mile away, lay Murphy's camp, from whence he had started out over two weeks before.

There was not a man in camp who did not rejoice over his success, and, guided by his directions, a large party started out to follow up that lead. As for him, he was satisfied, and in a few days was on his way home to his patient but lonely

But it was a long and toilsome journey in those days, and Valentine chafed and fretted at the delay. His imagination by times pictured all the wonderful things he would do for his dear old mother, and then again ran riot as fears of catastrophe took possession of him, and his restless feet paced the deck of the steamer night and day, until at last she reached the land, and then he knew no rest unless hurrying forward toward the mountain

Just before he reached the valley the tempest broke, and the roads, which had already been blocked with snow so as to render them impassable for teams, became still more difficult, and there were five miles to travel yet in face of the blinding snow, shaken by the wind from the trees, but, heedless of warning, he pushed on.

In the little log cabin in a sheltered nook between two high mountains sat an old woman, before a bright fire of hickory wood. An old cat lay before the fire, and a toothless half blind dog that had been a puppy when her boy was a little rosy child. She had a little table drawn close by the fire and on it stood a lamp which, however, she had not lighted, as the cheerful glow of the fire gave all the light she needed. She was a slender woman with a look of patient waiting and sorrow on her face, which was refined and delicate, and which looked strangely like that of Valentine.

She said with an audible sigh: "Oh, I wish he would come home. To-

night just thirty years ago he was born. I remember when Mrs. Peters came back to me and said: 'You have got a valentine of a fine, sturdy boy,' and I remember how glad I was, for I had so hoped it would be a boy. Girls marry so soon and go away, but sons are your own as long as they live. I suppose it is because it is his birthday that I have been thinking so much about him, but it almost seems as if he were here now, and that the door to the bedroom would open and he come in, just as he used to when he was little. What is it, Rover?"

The old dog raised his head and listened some howl that strikes terror to every Then he scratched and pawed on the door until Mrs. Morris rose trembling and frightened and went to the door and darkness.

entine, her son, calling:

"Mother! oh, mother!" through the snow to where he heard old Rover's joyful whine and barks, and he found Valentine, benumbed and unable to move without help, but his tottering steps were guided, and soon he fell forward

Origin of St. Valentine's Day.

The origin of the peculiar observances obscurity. The saint himself, who was a Third century, seems to have had nothing to do with the matter beyond the accident of his day being used for the purpose. Mr. Donce, in his illustrations of Shakespeare, says: "It was the practice in ancient February, to celebrate the Lupercalia, Juno, whence the latter deity was named this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were vile habits and a raw diet. put in a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The eradicate the vestiges of pagan supertations of their forms, substituted in the present instance the name of particular saints instead of those of the women, and as the festival of the Lupercalia had com-menced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen St. Valentine's day for celebrating the new feast because it occurred at nearly the same time. This is, in part, the opinion of the learned compiler of the lives of the saints. It would seem, however, that it was utterly impossible to extirpate altogether any ceremony to which the common people had been much accustomed, a fact which it was easy to prove in tracing the origin of various other popular superstitions, and accordingly the outline of the ancient ceremonies was preserved, but modified by some adaptation to the Christian system. It is reasonable to suppose that the above practice of choosing mates would gradually become reciprocal in the sexes, and that all persons so chosen would be called valentines, from the day on which the eremony took place.

MY VALENTINE.



"Is she sweet?" Lips with kisses fresh replete. Eyes which make my bosom beat Face that shows naught of deceit, Prove she's sweet.

"Is she fair?" Tresses of bright golden hair, Deep blue eyes and dainty air, And the smile her lips e'er wear Prove she's fair.

"Is she true?" Those pure eyes of darkest blue, Those sweet lips of rosy bue, Which for kisses seem to sue, Prove she's true.

"Who is she?" She's the maiden you can see In that picture, who to me Almost seems alive to be, That is she.

"What's her name?" Ah, now me you must not blame That I cannot tell her name, For naught's written on the frame Of her name.



SENDING A VALENTINE TO MAMMA

FOOD ADULTERATION.

DANE NATURE DOES.

SOME OF THE DANGEROUS WORK

Death Larking in Raw Pork-Coiled Worms in Herring-Tape Worms in Rare Beef-An Inquisitive Doctor's Suspicions Confirmed.

It must be borne in mind, first of all, that nature herself adulterates seriously whatand then cave a strange whine and slowly ever she gives us, and much of this adulterarose and walked to the door, where he tion is far more dangerous to human life than stood for a moment as if waiting, and as that which is artificially added by man. It Mrs. Morris did not rise at once he lifted is but a few years since the presence of trichup his almost sightless eyes at her and inm in pork was discovered, and to its ravabarked, and then gave vent to that grue- ges traced the dreadful agonies and death following the eating of raw slices of ham. one's heart, whether superstitious or not. This creature is so thoroughly understood, and its presence feared by all classes, that few persons can now be found who would, under any influence, eat a mouthful of raw pork. opened it wide, looking, as she stood there The discovery of trichinous meat opened a in her gray dress, like a spirit against the new phase of the curious and complicate relationship of the animal and plant worlds. Of The dog gave a short bark and then course, this was not the first known of the started out into the snow eagerly, while dependence of worms upon other animal Mrs. Morris stood still, listening, and then ereatures for their development, nor of the faintly to her ears came the voice of Val- transitionary periods, when such parasites are dependent on the harborings of vegetables, but it became necessary to trace out the In an instant Jabez, the negro who development of these creatures, and it was ived there with his wife, was plunging found that uncommon care must be taken in eating lettuce and succulent low growing vegetables, lest the eggs of dangerous parasites be taken into the body.

Closely following came the discovery of the dependence of the most prevalent and dangerous fevers on vegetable bacteria. It became clear that he that would live safe from the attacks of both animal and vegetable life of the inferior types must be eterof St. Valentine's Day is a subject of some nally on his guard. Hardly an article of food now visits our table which is not known, priest of Rome, and was martyred in the under favoring circumstances, to harbor forces that will disease, if they do not destroy us. Absolute cleanliness seems to be the first law of health. The Mosaic code was mainly the work of a wise legislator endeavoring to establish sanitary conditions among his peo-Rome, during a great part of the month of ple. The second law of health is enforced with equal emphasis by discoveries made which were feasts in honor of Pan and that animal food can never be safely partaken of without thorough cooking. Indeed, Februata, Februalis and Februella. On it seems wonderful that a filthy race of savages can survive at all the abominations of

No one in this country has shown a keener interest in hunting out what may be called pastors of the early Christian church, who nature's food adulterations than Dr. Joseph by every possible means endeavored to Leidy, of Philadelphia. Among other notes from his work I take the following: He liked stitions, and chiefly by some commu- herring, but never ate one without carefully removing certain coiled worms that may be seen coiled on the surface of the roes. From a piece of black bass or shad he would extract, before cating, a thread like worm that so closely resembles a nerve that few would distinguish the difference. He was careful in eating clams to look for and remove a minute parasitic leech. Tape worms he carefully studied, and declared that in all cases they could be traced to rare beef. The common opinion is that pigs have more to do with them; but Professor Leidy examined over 100, and in all cases proved them to have been received in the egg form from beef insufficiently cooked.

At an entertainment in Charleston he was served with slices of the drumfish. His host desired that he should specially note how much more delicious were certain gelatinous portions. Carefully cutting open his fish the doctor discovered a soft mass, which to him

portions. Carefully cutting open his fish the inductor discovered a soft mass, which to him seemed suspicious. The following day he procured a drumfish and dissected it. The result was that he found in the flesh of the tail several egg shaped masses, three inches long, which proved to be a large coiled worm. This was the delicate and dainty morsel of the previous day's feast. Eating terrapin at a Philadelphia feast, our professor received a peculiar impression from a piece in his mouth that seemed to be an egg. Removing it from his mouth to his handkerchief, he reserved it for examination. It turned out to be a membraneous sac, containing thirty yellowish-white maggots, the larve of some sort of fly, and resembling those of the botfly in horses.

With such examples before us we may wisely be suspicious in every direction. With both animal and vegetable parasites lurking to destroy, both infesting our food, while the minuter bacteria assail us through our lungs, we can neither eat nor breathe, much less drink, in safety. An age of science brings with it a general alarm, and, while illustrating the glory of the power of the brain, shows also what a warfare man must carry on to secure victory. Our line of defense is, however, not so abstruse. It is well known that these minuter foes may be everywhere, and yet wait forever for conditions appropriate for their development. But granted, for one moment, conditions, and the development promptly occurs. The one requisite is to avoid such conditions as are supposed. With food it is known to be death to the development. But granted, for one moment, conditions, and the development promptly occurs. The one requisite is to avoid such conditions as are supposed. With food it is known to be death to the development. Brites, etc. John Needoni.—In attachment food it is known to be death to the development.

Figure 1. A shall county Court of said county of the power of the brain, shows and large the property of the power of the brain, shows all powers and the said point of the of avoid such conditions as are supposed. With food it is known to be death to the germs and eggs of the tape worm and other parasites to heat to a degree not less than 180 degs. Yet one person in five in the southwestern section of our country is afflicted, at some time, with a tape worm; and the trouble is largely on the increase in the eastern states, owing to the large amount of western beef that is shipped to the eastern market.

The remedy is so simple that it seems not a difficult affair to quickly end the spread of the pest. Yet it is nearly impossible to reach, by any published statements, one-tenth of the people. The reading of the masses is still confined to vary local journals, if, indeed, they read at all. In this cosmopolitan age, when all things circulate with such rapidity, information should keep pace with all material affairs. At present this is not so. A piece of meat never looks, to an ordinary eye, more innocent than when it contains in its muscles the cysts of our torturers. My advice is, put no reliance on the appearance of raw meat, but invariably cook it thoroughly. -M. Maurice, M. D., in Globe-Democrat.

What to Do in a Blizzard.

When exposed to a blizzard immediately envelop the head and upper part of the body in a thick shawl or blanket, and in no case allow the fine, powdered snow floating in the air to enter the mouth or lungs. This I write from personal experience, having some years ago been exposed to a blizzard in Minnesota, with the thermometer at 45 degs. below zero The first few breaths sent a sensation like an icicle through my chest. I grew weak and trembling. It seemed as though the blood was thickening in my veins and the heart could not circulate it. Respiration grew rapid. I was being smothered. I concluded that that would not do, so with what means I had I wrapped up my nose and mouth and breathed only through the covering. I was exposed for more than an hour and got through all right. I afterward saw the Indians adopting the same plan, for they had a large blanket-a government one-wrapped around their heads and bodies, and they resembled unveiled moving statues or Turkish women on the streets. When lost in such a storm get on the lee side of a snow bank and burrow a hole in it and close the opening, or, as they say, "Crawl into a hole and haul the hole in after you."-Cor New York Sun.

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Legal.

HENRY GUNN.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, LA SALLE COUNTY OF ILLINOIS, LA SALLE COUNTY OF THE CHECK COURS, IO March Term, A STATE OF ILLIANOIS, LASALE COUNTY ON THE STATE OF THE STA

Ottawa, Dinois, January 27th, 1883 HENRY GUNN, Compte Solr. jan28-4w

GEORGE H. HAIGHT,

Alterney at Love.

A DMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—

By virtue of an order and decree of the Probate Court of La Salle county, Illinois, made on the perition of the undersigned, O. B. Stanard, Administrator sie bonis non, with a copy of the will ansexed, of the Estate of Berk Anderson, deceased, for leave to sell the real estate of Berk Anderson, deceased, for leave to sell the real estate of Said deceased, at the Jacuary term, A. B. 1888, of said Court, to wit, on the sixt cath day of January. I shall, on the sixteenth day of Pebruary next between the hours of ten clock in the forenoon and four o'clock in the afternoon, at, to wit, the hour of two o'clock P. M. of said day, sell at public saic, at the south door of the County Court House, in Ottawa, in said county, the real estate described as follows, to wit. Commencing at a point sixty-four (61) feet south of the northeast corner of block fifty four (61); in Spring Valley, in Bureau county and state of Illinois, running thence west one hundred (100) feet, thence cast one hundred (100) feet, thence to the place of beginning, in Bureau county, Illinois, on the following terms, to wit: Cash upon approval of said by the court.

Dated this eighteenth day of January, a. p. 1888.

O. B. STANARD.

Administrator de bonts non, with copy of will annexed of the Estate of Berk Anderson, deceased.

George H. Hatcht, Sol'r for Fetitioner. [an21-4w] GEORGE H. HAIGHT.

B. F. LINCOLN.

B. F. LINCOLN,
Attorney at Law.

M ASTER'S SALE—STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY
OF LA SALE—SE. La Saile County Circuit Court.
In the matter of James Cull and Cornelius Cull, by
Edwin T. Read, their next friend, Peter Cull, John
Cull, Michael Cull and Hannah Cull, rs. Thomas Cull
and Edward Cull, and Thomas Cull and Edward Cull, as Administrators of the Estate of Cornelius Cull, de
ceased.—On Bill for Partition.

Public notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a
decretal order entered in the above emitted cause, in
said court, on the twenty third day of January, 1884, I,
Duncan McDougall Master in Chancery for said Court,
on Monday, the twenty-seventh day of February 1888,
at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, shall sell at
public auction, to the highest and best bidder,
at the south deer of the County Court House, in Ottawa,
in said county, the following described real estate,
situated in the county of La Salle and state of Hinois, to
Will.

wir:

The east half (%) of the northwest quarter (%) of section seven (7), in township thirty-two (32) north, range five (5) east of the third (3d) principal meridian;

range five (5) east of the third (3d) principal meridian; and—
The southeast quarter (3) of section one (1), in township thirty two (32) north, range four (4) east of the third (3d) principal meridian; said quarter section of land to be sold subject to the lien of a mortzage now on the same, made by Cornelius Cull and his where to Mary M. St. John, dated February 3th, a. p. 1832, for the sum of thirty-six hundred dollars, on which has been paid afteen hundred dollars an interest to October 1st, a. p. 1837; said mortgage now being a lien on said quarter section for the sum of twenty-one hundred dollars am interest on the same from said duster said October 1st, a. p. 1837.
TERMS.—Cash, to be paid on confirmation of sale by the court.
Ottawa, Illinois, January 25, 1888.

Ottaws, Illinois, January 26, 1888.
PUNCAN McDOUGALL,
angs-tw Master in Chancery for said Circuit Court.

MOLONEY & STEAD,

STATE OF ILLINOIS, LA SALLE COUNTY-SS.—
In the County Court of La Salle County, Ill., March
Term., 1888. James H. Harney es. John Needsm.-In attachment

In the County Court of La Salle county, Ill., March Term, 1888.

Jemes P. McElroy and Michael Byrnes, partners as McElroy & Hyrnes, rs. John Needom.—In attachment. Demand, \$127.25.

Public notice is hereby given to you, the said John Needom, that a writ of attachment has been sued out of the office of the clerk of the County Court of said county of La Salle, at the suit of the said James P. McElroy and Michael Byrnes, partners as McElroy & Hyrnes, and against the estate of the said John Needom, for one hundred twenty-seven and 25 100 dollars, besides interest, directed to the sheriff of said county to execute.

sides interest, directed to the said Lounty to execute.

Now, unless you, the said John Needom, shall personally be and appear before the said County Court of said county on or before the first day of the next term thereof, to be holden at the Court House in the city of Ottawa, in said county, on the first Monday of March, A. D. 1888, give special ball and plead to said plaintiffs action, judgment will be entered against you in favor of said James P. McEiroy and Michael Byrnes, and so much so the property attached soic as may be sufficient to satisfy the said judgment, interest and costs.

P. FINLEN, Clerk, Ottawa, Hilinois, January 25, 1888.

3Motoney & Byrne, Plaintiffs' Attys.

jan28-8w

T. C. TRENARY,
Attorney at Late.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, La Salle County ss. In
the Count Court, March Term. 1888.
Nellie A. Miller vs. Amond M. Miller — In Chancery.
Affidavit of non-residence of Amond M. Miller, having been filed in the clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said county, notice is therefore hereby given to the said non-resident defendant that the complainant filed her bill of complaint in said court, on the chancery side thereor, on the 22d day of December, 1887, and that thereupon a summons issued out of said court, where in said sunt is now pending, returnable on the second Monday in the month of March next, as is by law required.

Now, unless you, the said non-resident defendant above named, shall personally be and appear before said Circuit Court, on the first day of the next term thereof, to be holden at Ottawa, in and for the sud county, on the second Monday in March next, and plead, answer or demur to the said complainant's bill of complaint, the same and the matters and things therein charged and stated will be taken as confessed and a decree entered against you according to the prayer of said bill.

WILLIAM W. TAYLOR, Clerk.

tered against you according to the prayer of said bill.

Oltawa, Illinois, December 21d, 1887.

T. C. Thenary, Comples Solr.

jan28-4w

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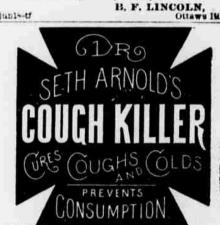
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